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JOAKS upon JOAKS;

OR,

No JOAK like a true JOAK.

BEING THE

Diverting HUMOURS of Mr. JOHN OGLE, a Life-Guard-Man.

THE

Merry PRANKS of Lord MOHUN, and the Earls of WARWICK and PEMBROKE.

WITH

ROCHESTER's Dream, his Maiden's Disappointment, and his Mountebank's Speech.

TOGETHER WITH

The diverting FANCIES and FROLICKS of CHARLES II. and his three Concubines.

Printed and Sold in London.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE Diverting Humours OF JOHN OGLE.

MR. *John Ogle, being the youngeſt ſon of a gentleman in the town of Northampton, his fortune being but very ſmall, ſoon conſumed it; but his ſiſter being a miſtreſs to the Duke of York, ſhe got him a good place in the Firſt Regiment of Horſe Guards, under the command of the Duke of Monmouth; yet this would not ſupport him in his extravagancies. And when he wanted money he would immediately viſit his ſiſter; but one time coming into chamber, when the Duke was aſleep with her, ſhe hearing him immediately drew up the curtain, and lifted her hand, that he might not diſturb the Duke, and told him he ſhould have his demand. He ſeemed to be ſatisfied therewith. But when the curtain was drawn, Ogle takes away the Duke's cloaths, and his*

Star and Garter, laced breeches, gold watch, and money, and went clear ly off, without any one seeing of him.

When the Duke awoke in the morning, and wanted to get up, he missed his cloaths, and was in a great passion, and examining among his servants who had been in his chamber, they immediately answered, None but Mr. Ogle. O! Madam, said he, then you know the thief.

The Duke meeting Ogle about a week after, dressed in the cloaths he had taken away, stepped up to him hastily; when Ogle began to unbutton, saying, Here, take your cloaths, I have got better of my own. The Duke seeing him begin to strip, and fearing the nobles should be acquainted in what manner he had lost them, said, Pish, fy, Mr. Ogle, you are welcome to them. So they parted friends, and Mr. Ogle went off very well satisfied.

There being a general muster of life guards in Hyde Park, and Ogle having lo his cloak at play, he was therefore obliged t borrow his landlady's scarlet petticoat; tying it up in a bundle, he put it behind him He then mounted safe enough as he guessed and away he rode; but one of his comrade

perceiving the border, gave the Duke the hint. The Duke, ſmiling to himſelf, ſaid Gentlemen cloak all; which they all did but Ogle, who ſtammering and ſtaring, ſaid, What a-pox muſt we cloak for? it does not rain. But he not cloaking, the Duke ſaid, Mr. Ogle why don't you obey the word of command? Cloak, Sir. Why, there then, and peeping his head out of the top of the petticoat, ſaid, Though I cannot cloak, I can petticoat with the beſt of you, which cauſed a great laughter, both in the regiment and among the bye-ſtanders.

Another time Ogle wanting a pair of boots, which were brought to him. They fitting him he walks up and down the ſhop to ſettle them to his feet, but eſpying an opportunity, he ran out of the ſhop, and the ſhoemaker followed him, crying, Stop thief, ſtop thief, No gentlemen, it is for a wager, I am to run in boots, and he ſhoes and ſtockings. Then, ſaid the mob, Well done boots, ſhoes and ſtockings can never overtake thee. So Ogle got clear off with the boots.

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Mr. Ogle living too extravagantly, kept no horſe, but when he mounted on guard, he would go hire a coach with a good pair of horſes, then putting his ſaddle and other accoutrements in, ordered the coachman to drive him to Hyde Park. Then he would compel the man to lend him one of his horſes, and if he refuſed would threaten to ſhoot it. Having followed this trade for ſome time, and the Duke of Monmouth obſerving he had never mounted guard twice with the ſame horſe, ſaid to him, Mr. Ogle, I think you have more change of horſes than I have. Quoth Ogle, May it pleaſe your Grace, I do not know whether I have a greater variety, but I never mount guard but I can fellow my horſe. Now the muſter being over,

and the guards riding ont of the Park, Ogle rides up to the Duke, and ſhewing him a hackney coach that was waiting with but one horſe. See there, did not I tell your Grace I could pair my horſe. I never will want a horſe for his Majeſty's ſervice ſo long as there is one hackney coach In town. This made his graoe ſmile, and Ogle returned the horſe again to the coachman.

Another time Ogle being at Lockit's ordinary, where he played at hazard with many of the nobility, and had very good ſucceſs. He therefore ordered a porter to go up and down the ſtreets, and bring to him there as many poor people as he could get, and in a ſhore time he brought upwards of one hundred beggars. Upon this Mr. Ogle ordered them each one a ſhillings worth of meat and drink. By the time they had made an end of their allowance (they praying the Lord might ſend Ogle good luck) he had broke all the perſons of quality, and diſcharged the mumpers reckonings giving them each ſixpence beſide. As he was going into Spring Gardens he met the Duke of Monmouth, who aſked Ogle where he had been? Been, ſaid he, why I have been fulfililng the ſcripture,

Fulfilling the ſcripture! ſaid the Duke, I believe you know nothing of the matter. But I believe I do, though, ſaid Ogle, for I have fed the hungry, and the rich I have ſent empty away; for by all that is good, out of twenty Earls and Lords at Lockit's there is not one has got a farthing to pay his reckoning.

The epitaph written upon Mr. Ogle's tomb-ſtone, in the church-yard of Henley upon Thames, in Oxfordſhire, where he was buried in the 3d year of the reign of King William III.

Here the too generous Ogle lies,
Who as he lived, ſo he dy'd,
Paid nothing off the ſcore;
But yet for his generoſity,
Paying debts when no money he did ſee
All people did Ogle adore.

The Froliks of Lord Mohun and the Earl of Warwick.

ONE time the Earl of Warwick being out late one night, and in company with an officer who had an artificial leg, they went into the Dark-houſe near Billingſgate, but by the way Warwick ſcraped a deal of duſt out of a rotten poſt, and as he was ing it up before ſeveral people, one aſked what that powder was good for? Warwick ſaid, It is good for all manner of bruiſes, ſores, and ſcalds. And to ſhew him the excellency of it, he deſired them to bring him a kettle of ſcalding hot water. Then rubbing the powder of rotten poſt on his friend's artificial leg, he put it into the water. Now the people ſeeing he was not hurt, ſoon bought up all the powder, ſo that his lordſhip very ſhortly raiſed between three and four pounds. Soon after this a very ingenious drayman, who had purchaſed ſome of the po vder, being in company with ſome of his calling, and having laid a wager that

he could put his leg into a kettle of ſcalding water, without hurting himſelf. The wager being laid, he, like a cunning dog, got into a private room, to rub the powder of rotten poſt upon his leg. Which done, he returns into the kitchen, and plunged his leg into the kettle of ſcalding hot water, which

made him roar out like a town bull, and what was worſt, he had like to have loſt his leg.

Another time the Earl of Warwick was in company with ſeveral perſons of quality, and one of them gave him a challenge to meet him behind Montague-Houſe. His Lordſhip being much in liquor forgot it next morning, when his adverſary came to fetch him out. But his Lordſhip deſired him to

ſtay whilſt he ſaid his prayers, which he agreed, his lordſhip went to his cloſet, and prayed after this manner: "My ſins, O Lord! are without number, and above all forgive me for killing Lord B—e, Earl T—d, Colonel W—s, Major J---d, and Captain D—n, beſides many more beyond ſea." His antagoniſt liſtening at the door cried out, Ah! plague, I ſhall have him kill me too. Then ſneaking away, his Lordſhip laughed heartily.

The Lord Mohun and the Earl of Warwick being on the ramble, took notice of an old woman, who early and late was boiling of her codlins near Charing Croſs. They bought ſome of her, and promiſed they would ſend her a buſhel of charcoal for nothing. I thank your honours, replied the woman.--- So next day a porter brought her a buſhel of charcoal which much pleaſed the old woman.---But their Lordſhips had filled the hollow part of the ends with gunpowder, and ſealed the ends with gunpowder, and ſealed the ends with black wax, and ſtood at a diſtance to ſee the event. In a ſhort time bounce went the charcoal, like ſo many crackers down went the kettle in the ſtreet, and

flew the codlins about the old woman's ears; but she getting no harm, thei Lordships were very well pleased.

Lord PEMBROKE's Frolicks.

HIS Lordſhip one day walking by himſelf, and meeting in a field a poor beggar woman, with a little child at her back, his Lordſhip had a great mind to occupy her, but ſhe fearing leſt the child ſhould be hurt, it was agreed the child ſhould be tied to his Lordſhip's back. It was tied ſo faſt his Lordſhip could not undo it. So the woman

making an excuſe to make an excuſe to make water, left him the child to his Lady.

Another time his Lordſhip being at a certain inn, and fixing on a room, as he was in the kitchen ordering his ſupper, a Quaker got into his room, and no one could perſuade him to come out of it. My Lord being informed of it, ran up ſwearing with his ſword drawn, commanding him to quit the room immediately. But the Quaker was as obſtinate as the other. So they had a tight trial of ſkill for it. The Quaker put by the paſs with his cane, and then threw his Lordſhip quite down the ſtairs, which made the hoſt ſend the drawer to ſee what was the matter.—He brought word back again, Nothing, but Yea and Nay has kicked G—d d—ne down ſtairs. So the Quaker kept his ground, and his Lordſhip took another room.

Lord Rocheſter's Whim againſt Women.

A woman's love is like a Syrian flower,
That buds, and ſpreads, and withers in an hour,

On

On a Man's Choice whether he would be Hanged or Married.

Lo! here's the bride, and there's the tree
Take which of them beſt liketh thee.
The bargain's bad on either part,
The woman's worſt, drive on the cart.
Were women little as they're good,
A peiſcod would make them gown and hood.

On Women's Denial.

Women, tho' ne'er ſo godly, make it,
Their faſhion to ſay no and take it.

On Marriage.

Wedding and hanging deſtinies diſpatch,
Tho' hanging ſeems the better match.

The Maiden's Diſappointment.

One night as I lay ſlumbering on my bed,
Having nought with me but my maiden-
head,
Methought a gallant came, as they can do
Much with young ladies, and with old ones
too:

He woo'd, he ſu'd, at laſt he ſped,
Married methought we were, and both in bed,
He rous'd, turn'd, and got up, with that I ſqueak'd,
Bluſh'd and cry'd Oh! and ſo awak'd.
It would have vex'd a ſaint when fleſh did burn,
To be ſo near, yet miſs ſo good a turn;
O cruel dream! why did you thus deceive me?
To ſhew me heaven, and then in hell to leave me?
Or elſe to ſhew me what you ne'er deſign to give me.

The Earl being in company with King Charles II. the Dukes of York, Monmouth, Lauderdale, and Dr. Fraſer, his Majeſty ordered Rocheſter to make ſome verſes: So his Lordſhip thus addreſſed himſelf:

Here's Monmouth the witty,
There's Lauderdale the pretty,
And Fraſer the learned Phyſician;
And above all the reſt;
There's a Duke for a jeſt,
And your Majeſty's a known politician.

All which his Lordſhip ſpoke by contraries, for Monmouth was never reckoned any thing of a wit. Lauderdale was very homely,

Fraſer a man of no learning. The King's Politicks lay in women, and York never loved a Jeſt. So they went angry away.

Another time his Lordſhip going to kiſs the Dutcheſs of Cleveland as ſhe was going out of her coach into St. James's Park, his foot ſlipped, and he fell upon his breech; but quickly riſing, he thus expreſſed himſelf to her Grace:

By all that's ſacred it was bravely done,
Thus to attempt the chariot of the ſun,
And then fall down like Phaeton.

His Lordſhip being one day at court, in company with the French ambaſſador, Monſieur began to applaud his maſter's grandeur and conqueſt in the following words:

Lorain a day, a week Burgundy won,
Flanders a month; ——what would a year
have done?

To which Rocheſter thus replies:

Lorain he ſtole, by fraud he got Bugundy,
Flanders he bought, by God he'll pay for't
one day.

At this anſwer of the Earl's Monſieur was highly affronted, and told the King that Ro-

cheſter had moſt baſely bemeaned his Royal Maſter, and required ſatisfaction. To which the King ſaid, He knew not what to do with him; for if he ſpake to him about it, he would be ſure to return ſome ſuch anſwer; and upon that account he adviſed him to let him alone for the preſent.

The Earl being out of favour at the court, took private lodgings on Tower-Hill, where being in diſguiſe, he ſet up a mountebank's ſtage upon the hill, and ſpoke to the mob in the following manner:

"Gentlemen and Ladies,

"HERE is my famous Unguentum Aureum, or Golden Ointment, ſo very famous for curing all kinds of diſtempers in men, women, and children. Look here, good people, this is my noble Tinctura Hyperboriacorum, prepared only by myſelf. This will make the blind to ſee, the deaf to hear, and the dumb to ſpeak; nay, there is nothing can reſtore life ſo ſoon as this; for with there drops of this tincture I reſtored a gentleman to life who had loſt his head ſeven years; but he being a ſtate criminal, the Emperor made me fly to Germany for my great exploit: Therefore, I am come here to ſeek my fortune, with my incomparable and famous tincture, which cures all maner of ſickneſs, hectick fever, jaundice, looſeneſs, megrims, and all other diſtempers incident to mankind.

The next thing I present is my Aqua Terr Chimogegen, which makes barren women fruitful; nay, being lately in Mogul's country, I gave only two ſpoonfuls to his grandmother, who was an hundred years old, and ſhe conceived with two twins, and was delivered with ſuch eaſe, that if ſhe was to live to the age of Mathuſelah, ſhe would never be without a bottle of my excellent water; for it is an antitode againſt all diſtempers; and for the benefit of the poor, it is but One Shilling a Bottle. And as my ſtay here is very ſhort, thoſe who love their healths let them now ſtock themſelves while they may, for my departure will be very ſudden.

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The Frolicks of King Charles II. and his three Concubines.

KING Charles II. with ſome of his Nobles being a haymaking, Nell Gwynn ſtood looking on. Quoth the King, So Nell, why do you not make Hay? To which ſhe replied, If your Majeſty and Nobles will cock as much as you can, I will ſpread for you all.

It being Miſs Davis's turn to lie with the King, Nell Gwynn invited her to a collation of ſweatmeats, in which ſhe mixed ſome working powder. After the treat was over, Miſs Davis went to the King's apartment; but when his Majeſty and ſhe were in bed, the powder began to operate ſo very violently, that as he was cocking, and ready to ſtorm the fort of love, the ſally was ſo great, that his Majeſty was forced to retire and leave his ſhitten bed-fellow, with whom he was never friends after.

King Charles II. being at ſupper with the Dutcheſs of Portſmouth and Nell Gwynn, a couple of chicken were on the table. Said Portſmouth, I can make three out of theſe two. That cannot be, ſaid Nell, Portſmouth replied, Is not this n?—

Yes, replied Nell.—Then, ſaid Portſmouth, One and two are three.—That is very true, replied Nell. Then Nell put one on the King's plate, and the other on her own, and bid the Dutcheſs take the third for her pains. This joke ſo pleaſed the King that he laughed very heartily.

Another time Nell riding out with the Dutcheſs of Portſmouth, a ſcuffle happened between them. Nell having Squintable on the ground (her Grace being ſo called from a caſt which ſhe had with her eye) and taking up all her cloaths, ſhe burned with a candle thoſe parts which modeſty allows me not to name. This great indignity made the Dutcheſs ſoon complain to the King, ſhe being very angry at Nell's rudeneſs, who was juſt entering the preſence chamber as ſhe had ended her ſtory. The King fell into a great paſſion, which her wit ſoon appeaſed, by telling him that as there was a late act of parliament that all French commodities ſhould be burnt, a being prohibited, ſhe hoped he could not be angry that ſhe had put it in force.

ROMANTIC

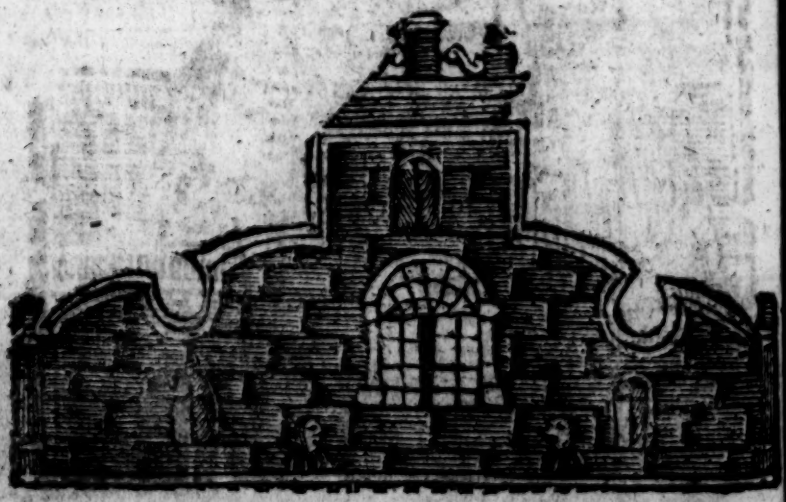
ROMANTICK STORIES.

A Yorkſhi e gent'eman and his man came to ſee Briſtol, and being invi ed to dinner at a friend's ho ſe, before dinner they walked with the gentleman and his wife into the garden, Sir, ſa, s he,

have you as large cabbages as theſe in Yorkſhire? As theſe! yes, Sir, ſays ſhe, if you was to ſee them they would make you ſtare. I have cabbages that would ſhelter a whole team of horſes under them a winter. What doſt thou ſay, Ralph? Why truly, Sir, ſaid he, I ſeldom come into the garden but I make wind-mill poſts with ſtalks of them.—Which made them wonder.

Then they went into the dairy, and ſhewed him the cheeſes, ſaying, They were reckoned the largeſt cheeſes through England. Aye, Madam, except Yorkſhire, I beſeech you; why, mine are ſo big, that my dairy-maid is forced to call the men with leaves to turn them. Is this not true Ralph? Why indeed, Sir I ſeldom go into the dairy, but this I can ſay, that the whey of one of our cheeſes will drive a mill for near three hours together. At which the gentleman and his wife both wondered mightily.

Then they ſhewed him a proſpect of the houſe, and



ſked him whether he did not think it very high? Not
ll to compare with our's, Madam, I will aſſure you;
ſir, ſays he, I have a houſe in Yorkſhire that is ſo very
igh, that if a man goes into the uppermoſt room, and
oes not take a ſix-penny loaf with him, he will go in
anger of ſtarving before he comes down again. Is
it not true what I ſay, Ralph? Says he, indeed, when
I went up I took a twelvepenny loaf with me, and ea
it all before I came down again; and when I was in
the uppermoſt room I could hear the people talk in the other
world, but I could not underſtand what they ſaid.
This ſtory made the gentleman and his wife ſtand in the
greateſt amazement. So the dinner being ready, they ſet
down to it.

A gentleman who was relating of his adventures, ſaid
He was once upon the higheſt mountainhe believed in all
the world. It was ſo high, ſaid he, that falling aſleep,
the moon going her journey, came ſo cloſe by me, that ſhe
took my hat off my head. I pray, ſaid another, what
did you do for your hat? Do! ſaid he, I was fain to do
with patience till next night, when ſhe moſt civilly put it
on again and told me, ſhe only took it off to make a little
water in it.

A ſoldier

A soldier swore desperately, That being in the war between the Russians and Polanders, there happened to be a parley between two Generals, where a river parted them. At that time it froze so excessively, that all their words were no sooner out of their mouths, but they were immediately frozen, and could not be heard until eleven days after, when a thaw came and dissolved them, and so made them audible to all.

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